

*The Historie of*

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,  
The hope and expectation of thy time,  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputeles banishment.  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
By beeing seldome scene, I could not stir  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tel their children, This is he:  
Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such humility,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:  
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes  
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow-iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burat, carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery bearded vaine comparatiue  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enfeost himselfe to popularity,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath,  
The tast of sweetnes, whereof a little.

More

*Henric the fourth*

More then a little, is by much too  
So when he had occasion to bee seene  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in  
Heard, not regarded: scene but v  
As sicke and and blunted with co  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like Maies  
When it shines seldome in admir  
But rather drowzd, and hung the  
Slept in his face, and rendred suc  
As cloudy men vse to do to their  
Being with his presence, gultred,  
And in that very line, *Harry stanc*  
For, thou hast lost thy Princely p  
With vile participation, Not an e  
But is awery of thy common fig  
Saue mine, which hath desired to  
Which now doth that I would no  
Make blind it selfe with foolish t

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrie  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For  
As thou art to this howre, was *Ri*  
When I from France set foot at R  
And euen as I was then is *Percy* n  
Now by my scepter and my soul  
He hath more worthy interest to  
Then thou, the shadow of succel  
For of no right nor colour like to  
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes i  
Turns head against the Lions arm  
And being no more indebt to yea  
Leades ancient Lords, and reuer  
To bloody battels, and to brusin  
What neuer dying honor hath he  
Against renowned *Douglas*: who  
Whose hot incursions, and great  
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe  
And military title capitall.

G.